THE PICTURE WOMAN AND SOME OTHERS

AMUSING EXPERIENCES IN SLEEPING CARS

Amiel said in his famous journal that "the unfinished is nothing." Amiel must have had in mind the recital of some feminine friend who told him, perhaps, of the happenings in the dressing room of a sleeping car as it wound its slow way from edge to edge of a continent.

Such a recital was given recently by a young woman whose recollections of her experiences had not grown motheaten by intervening time and neglect. Said she blithely:

"There are certain pictures which stay in one's mind eternally, and which no after-collection can efface. This is one of my ever young portfolio.

"I was travelling on the train from Buffalo, and awoke early with the idea of getting into the dressing room first. There were, nevertheless, two women in the room when I opened the door. No. 1 was small, rather plump, and with a fresh, wholesome skin that looked as if it were washed frequently with abundant water and soap I noticed, however, that just below the mark on her neck, which showed she wore a stiff linen collar, the skin was rather rough, and her hands, though shapely, were large for her size and the wrists had spread.

"Her hair was of the Lady Godiva order and hung down in long wavy lines to her knees. It enveloped her like a curtain; it was the kind that if seen on a stage would mean just so much business for a wigmaker who was clever enough to advertise in the theatre programmes, for no one would believe that it was the real thing.

"Besides the natural advantages of hair and skin, she had large, regular white teeth, big brown eyes, and looked as if she had never known what it was to pass a sleepless night. Her manner was alert, vigorous, as if she were brimming over with mere animal life.

"In direct contrast to her was No. 2. No. 2 was of the anæmic type; the kind of young woman who would be able to make Burne Jones pictures of herself in a Harlem flat and never realize that her lines were in direct opposition to those of the architect who designed the dwelling.

"She was thin; in certain lights one got the outline of her skeleton. She resembled a young robin thrown from the nest, and would probably be called decorative by her friendly enemies. She looked as if she had long lost the art of sleeping.

"She had a small wisp of sandy colored hair, called *cendré* in fashion journals, coiled tightly in an infinitesimal knot at the back of her neck, her face was haggard and with strange seams in it, as if the pillow had been as rough as a corduroy road. Her eyes were of the colorless variety which take their hue from surrounding objects and in the early morning are simply impossible.

"The equipments of Nos. 1 and 2 were as interesting as their contrasting personalities. No. 1 had a plain, short walking skirt, a shirt waist, white and spotless, a thick, high linen collar, black tie, white

SHE DID NOT WANT TO SIT UP THERE ALL DAY.

WAITING FOR A PRINKER.

cotton gloves, black straw sailor hat and heavy walking shoes. In one hand she carried a cake of yellow soap and a wash cloth.

"No. 2 had lingerie which looked as if it had just come from a shop window on Broadway, the kind that advertises a corset waist which looks like a cobweb, for $55 reduced to $48.75. She had stockings that looked as if they could be pulled through a finger ring, slippers with big bows and heels that looked like stilts; a trailing skirt, indescribably French in appearance, a white renaissance waist, with all sorts of frilly things about the neck and arms.

"But remarkable as were the articles of the coming toilet they were nothing in comparison with the accessories thereof. She had an enormous chatelaine of Etruscan ware, with innumerable pendants, each containing a help to be beautiful. There were pencils for the eyebrows, boxes with cream for the face, little silver tongs that unbent and had a storage battery concealed about their modest proportions, salves and cosmetics for the lips, powders and perfumes, a complete manicure outfit, brushes and pieces of chamois galore.

"The women bumped against each other frequently as they gradually approached the interesting part of their dressing, and finally No. 2, acknowledging the fact that No. 1 had the right of way, motioned her gracefully toward the piece of glass which served as mirror. No. 1 had her head bent over while her hair trailed along the floor as she caught it in her vigorous hands and

THE LAST CALL FOR BREAKFAST.

coiled it tightly.

"'I don't need to look in the glass,' she said kindly. 'I know just what to do by feeling.'

"No. 2 looked at her as if she were some sort of wild weird beast that had wandered futilely across her path, but No. 1 was as unconscious of the scrutiny that took in her possibilities as she was of the fact that she owned the same.

"Her hair not being quite tight enough to please, she undid it and wound it still tighter, until it seemed as if her eyelids were drawn back so tight that they could never close. Then, abstracting four long bone hairpins from a small box, she pushed them vigorously into the mass of magnificent hair, which she had so arranged that it completely spoiled the outlines of a well-shaped head, besides completely concealing the fact of its own opulence.

"Having smilingly accomplished this desecration, she took the wash cloth and piece of yellow soap, approached the basin and stooping over, lathered her hands and, closing her eyes began to rub her face vigorously, using the cloth occasionally and sputtering fervently when the soap reached her mouth.

"When she had finished her ablutions her face had the shiny look that small children have sometimes when they have been soaped and put out to dry. Then she put on her shirtwaist and collar, neither of which fitted, the waist bagging in the wrong place, and her collar and tie being quite the most unbecoming thing she could have selected.

"There was a small spot of dust on the skirt and she brushed it vigorously. She seemed to have an inherent antipathy to dirt but was as ignorant of her artistic possibilities as she was of the dead languages.

"When she had finished, from a sweet wholesome woman with natural advantages she had become a commonplace, uninteresting member of the Other Half. Her toilet, wash and all, had taken just ten minutes, and having finished it she breathed a sigh of relief, as if something unpleasant but unavoidable had been done, the same look that a housekeeper might cast upon a newly swept floor.

"Meanwhile No. 2 was standing before the mirror in a mass of lace and muslin that curled about her thin figure filling it out with all sorts of alluring curves and fullnesses.

"She disdained the contact of water and soap, but covering her face with soft cream, well rubbed in, she began to curl the wisp of hair, which she touched here and there with peroxide until it surrounded her head with an aureole like that of a Madonna. Then she twisted and turned it, inserting an artificial puff or two slyly, until the coiffure was complete.

"She followed this by carefully rubbing the cream from her face with chamois and soft cloths, and powdering it deftly, a touch of rouge, a dap of lip salve which showed the practised hand of the veteran and made of two colorless lines the full cupid's bow of art.

"The eyebrows next received their largess of care, and then, for the next half hour, she arranged her corsage and skirt, turning herself this and that way before the mirror, until every fold, every ruffle, every plait fell in its proper place and did not encroach on forbidden territory.

"In her trips back and forth from the berth she had brought a big picture hat, which, when put on, threw a soft shade into the colorless eyes, which were further heightened by the rose colored face veil

DIFFERENT METHODS.

under the outer one of dotted chiffon.

"When she had put the last finishing touch to the picture—for it was a picture—she cast a triumphant look at the mirror and at the surprised occupants of the room. It was the look that some artist might give his masterpiece before it was taken from him to be hung on the line. It was the look of one who loved the work for the work's sake, although not entirely indifferent to result. It was as different from the look the first woman had given as the product itself differed from the preceding one.

"There was one other incident connected with their histories which interested me because it was so clearly the result of their opposing personalities.

"When the train steamed into the station at New York and the two women alighted, ready to take the long promenade which separates the incoming traveller from the rest of the world, and makes you wonder if you could not have taken the whole trip just as well on foot, they were met.

"No. 1, it is almost needless to remark, was hailed by waving hands and screeches of delight from a family group which consisted of a middle-aged man, who had the air of being well fed and of not troubling himself too much about the relative merits of Christian Science and mental healing, five children, assorted varieties, and a younger woman, who looked like a pocket edition of the traveller.

"They all kissed her many times, and were as oblivious of the soapy skin, the tightly drawn hair and the inharmonious entirety as she was herself. To them she was the mother, the housewife, the sister.

"No. 2, on the contrary, had but a single member of society who awaited her coming with eagerness. This single member was a flashily dressed man, with plaid waistcoat, large, prominent eyes and a manner of being familiar with all sorts of life, especially that embraced by the commercial traveller. He greeted her with admiring words:

"'You're the real thing,' he said, unctuously, as she swept daintily toward him. 'Nobody'd ever know you'd been on a sleeping car all night. I don't see how you women manage to look so fresh. I feel like 30 cents when I've been on the road, and I'm a good traveller, too.'

"'Some women don't,' she might have said, and perhaps did."

"It is strange what a little art will do for nature," said the person to whom this story was told and, personally, I believe that No. 2 should have her meed of praise. Surely the evolution of that woman from something that was unpleasing to the eye and mind, into a graceful, dainty creation is as worthy of our cheers as the housewifely skill of No. 1.

"And speaking of sleeping car episodes, I had an experience of my own recently.

"I was on my way across the continent and in the ticket office of one of the Western roads in Minneapolis I encountered a woman who was interviewing the ticket agent. She was asking him all sorts of futile questions, in the manner of the inexperienced voyager. He was very polite and ended his explanations by saying:

"'I can only give you an upper berth.'

"'An upper berth,' she repeated after him, and you could tell from the way she spoke that she had no idea what he meant.

"Finally she braced herself for the ordeal. She felt in some inexplainable way that it was up to her to show that she was not an absolute fool, so she said softly:

"'Well, if that is all you cando, I will take it.' She was silent a moment, and added, 'I don't mind it at night but I don't much think I'll like to stay up there all day.'

"Wasn't that delicious? Like Alice in 'Ben Bolt' I almost wept with delight when I heard that, for I knew that if she went my way I could talk to her, and there were all sorts of fantastic possibilities suggested by her remarks.

"Sure enough, as it happened our berths were near each other, and before long we got into conversation. She told me all the history of her life. It was, as I surmised, not only the first time that she had been on a sleeping car, but the first time that she had ever been on any train, and her childlike curiosity was very amusing.

"Finally when her confessions had reached the most intimate personal stage, she unfastened the waist of her dress and drew forth a package carefully wrapped in tissue paper. This she undid and turning squarely around so she looked me full in the face, put it softly in my hand. It consisted of a coffin plate the size of a small platter and engraved with the name of Rebecca, aged 10.

"'I couldn't bear to have it buried with her,' she murmured. 'It's good silver and then it seems sort of nice to keep it.'

"She said this in a kind of questioning way, as if invoking my judgment in the matter.

"'I should never have thought of such a thing,' I said, gazing admiringly at the silver plate. 'I don't wonder you hated to part with it.'

"Will you believe that that woman every night asked me to take charge of the coffin plate, for she said she felt if anything happened that it would be safer if it were on the lower tier of berths?"

There was a third in the conversation, who began:

"The first time I travelled in a sleeping car, I was almost as foolish. I was awakened from a sound sleep by having the curtains thrust aside and the face of the porter was thrust in. You know it takes something out of the usual to rouse the night porter on a sleeping car. I found that out afterward. At the time I was

"PLEASE TAK' YO' TOE OFF DE BELL."

too surprised by my sudden awakening to know anything.

"'Yo' want some ice water?' he hazarded slowly.

"'No, I don't want any ice water,' I said fretfully.

"'Yo' ain't warm enough; perhaps you'll have an extra blanket?'

"His solicitude amused me and I answered less shortly:

"'I'm very comfortable; plenty warm enough.'

"He went off, but by and by returned.

"'Yo'll have another pillow, maybe?'

"'No, I don't want any pillow,' I said, and this time I was cross. 'I don't want anything.'

"I could hear people in the near vicinity moving uneasily and I could not understand why he should pick me out for his undersired attentions.

"'Go 'way,' I muttered sleepily. 'I'm all right.'

"'If yo' don't want anything,' he ended, 'would yo' min' takin' your toe off the bell?'

"I took it off."

YALE'S NEGRO ORATOR NO. 2.

CRAWFORD, LIKE PICKENS, HAS MADE HIS OWN WAY.

Left Alone in the World at 8, He Has Earned a Living and Obtained an Education for Himself—Purposes to Practise Law Among the Negroes in the South.

NEW HAVEN, May 23.—The second colored orator in Yale's list of prize-winning students, George Williamson Crawford, who recently carried off one of the Wayland prizes in the Law School, is a senior in that department and has spent three years at Yale. At the annual prize debating contest of the Law School, held on April 30, he had a chance to speak with the other students and, to the surprise of many of his classmates who did not know him well, he captured the third prize of $10.

The subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, That in case of a strike in either the anthracite or the soft coal region some form of Government trusteeship should intervene to mine and market coal pending the settlement of the strike." The Law School men do not know on which side they will be chosen to speak until the hour of the debate. Crawford was prepared to argue on both sides, and was chosen to take the negative.

Crawford is nearly 6 feet in height. He was born at Tuscaloosa, Ala., on Oct. 21, 1877. When 8 years old his parents died, leaving him absolutely alone in the world.

Through the aid of some friends he was enabled to attend the public schools in Birmingham, working between hours to pay his way. In the seventeen years he has been in school since he has paid all his own expenses, working whenever and wherever he could.

Many times he has had pretty tough experiences, for, although tall, he is of frail constitution. He has always had to take special care of his health, and he attributes his present healthy condition solely to the most careful system of diet and exercise.

After three years spent in the public schools of Birmingham he went to Tuskegee where, under President Washington, he studied until he was ready to enter Talladega College. He was a student there when Pickens, the Yale junior orator, who won the Ten Eyck prize recently, was working his way through that college. Crawford was two years in advance of Pickens.

In 1900 Crawford took his degree from Talladega and in the fall entered the Yale Law School. During his three years in New Haven he has been a very quiet but faithful student. A good deal of his time has been taken up in earning his tuition and board. He has worked as a clerk and a bookkeeper, has waited on table and has done various other things to help out his bank account.

The first summer he spent in New Haven he suffered much from the heat. He said that he had never spent a summer away from the extreme South before and he longed for the Southern weather. In speaking of that he said:

"I never felt the heat in my life till I came to New Haven, and my first summer I did not know as I should live through it. My advice to New Haven people is to go to Alabama for the summer and build their country homes there, where it is comparatively comfortable.

"We have a much higher temperature there, but it is a uniformly high temperature and is very dry. You soon become accustomed to it and don't mind it at all. All during our summer there we never have a day when I suffered with the heat as I do to-day. I have become somewhat used to it now, but I still prefer Alabama weather."

In appearance Crawford impresses one as a persevering fellow of more than ordinary ability. His slender figure makes him appear somewhat taller than he really is. He wears glasses, which adds to his dignified appearance when he comes out on a platform.

Possessing more than the usual stage presence, he makes a very pleasing impression when he faces an audience. When he is thoroughly interested in his argument he talks very forcibly and without hesitation as though he were entirely unmindful of the presence of any one in the room.

He dislikes to speak of his plans, evading the question by saying that he doesn't plan ahead. He expects to return to his home, in Birmingham, Ala., after his graduation and he will take up the practice of law there.

"There is plenty of room for good men with common sense in the South," said Mr. Crawford, "and there are very few lawyers among the colored men there.

"It has been my observation from what I have seen of the colored men in the South and North and my comparison with white men that the colored men average about as bright as the white men. That is, I don't see much difference in their mental endowments, although the white men have the advantage of years of mental training that the colored men have never had.

"That is the reason I object to making such a stir whenever a colored man does anything out of the ordinary such as the white men do every day. There is a sort of inference in that that the colored man is much inferior mentally to the white man and that when he does anything that can be done by any man of ordinary ability by dint of hard work it is a matter of surprise and should be heralded abroad.

"The other students of the university are winning big prizes here every little while, and yet one sees very little, if any, mention made of the fact, but if a colored man wins a lesser honor it is made the subject of endless comment."

In speaking of the present condition of the colored men in the South and his theory as to how the negro suffrage question should be settled, Mr. Crawford said:

"I am not a theorist in any sense and I know too little of the conditions and causes to theorize if I was inclined. I have an unbounded respect for facts, but very little for theory. I think a colored man can do infinitely more for the colored people by living his theories and commanding respect in his community than he can by an endless amount of theories.

"Very little headway can be made against prejudice by argument, for prejudice not possessing any reason cannot be reasoned with. When people speak of being prejudiced against a custom or person, I always think of that couplet:

> I do not like you, Dr. Fell:
> The reason why I cannot tell.
> But this I do know very well,
> I do not like you, Dr. Fell.

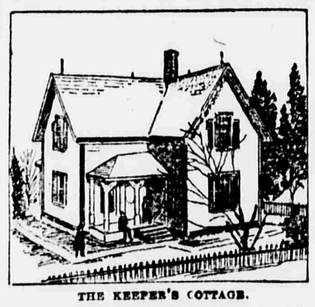
"It is useless to reason under those conditions and the only way any headway can be gained is by dispensing with theory and living creditably. It has always been my aim to take things as I find them and try and mind my own business, and I have to carry those principles into the practice of law."

50 YEARS IN A LIGHTHOUSE,

AND THE KEEPER WITH THIS RECORD A WOMAN, TOO!

Mrs. Rose's Long Service at Stony Point —For Five Years She Helped Her Husband and for Forty-five She Has Done the Work Herself—Now She is Nearly 80

When once a year the lighthouse tender stops in the Hudson off Stony Point and sends ashore a man with supplies, he is met by a woman who, if not the oldest lighthouse keeper in the service, is pretty near it. She is Mrs. Nancy Rose and for fifty years she has trimmed the lamps of two lights on Stony Point and kept them burning



THE KEEPER'S COTTAGE.

every night as regularly as the sun while the river was open.

Mrs. Rose rounded out yesterday her fiftieth year of life in the Government's little cottage high up on Stony Point. During that time she has tended the lights, but for only forty-five years as the official light keeper.

First she did the work for her husband,

STONY POINT'S TWO LIGHTHOUSES.

who was appointed keeper in 1852. In 1857 the Government put up a bell tower to warn river craft during fogs and while at work on its construction Mr. Rose ruptured a blood vessel, which caused his death six weeks afterward.

Mrs. Rose was appointed to be her husband's successor, but in reality she only continued the work that she had formerly done and, unless appearances deceive, she will remain in charge of the light until lack of physical strength makes her retirement imperative.

Her friends do not think that will occur soon. Mrs. Rose is now in the neighborhood of 79, but she looks and acts like a woman younger by at least fifteen years. She is still active, which she must be to perform her duties; her eyes and hearing remain good and she cares for her lights and her bell with the same enthusiasm she did years ago.

In the minds of the residents in the country 'round Mrs. Rose is as much a part of Stony Point as are its Revolutionary stories, traditions and place in history. And, as a matter of fact, it seems fitting that Mrs. Rose should be associated with the historic spot.

There Mad Anthony Wayne recaptured a fort so gallantly, in the days of the Revolution, that his name went down in history. And with him in the rush which overpowered the British was Jacob Rose, the great-grandfather of the woman who now tends the warning lights.

It must not be supposed that living upon the Point makes Mrs. Rose's life lonesome. She has a pretty little cottage, surrounded by flower beds, with a barn, a garden and all the other country comforts to be found in a less mountainous place. And living with her are her daughter and son, the latter being Supervisor of the little village of Stony Point.

To the north of the cottage, but a few steps away on slightly higher ground, stands the larger lighthouse of the two, white and solid, on the hill top. An eighth of a mile away, rising from the edge of the water, is another tower containing a red beacon light and a fog bell. Both lights must burn all night and every night, until the ice gets so thick that even the big river craft that buck through eight-inch ice have to tie up for the winter.

That happens in January usually, sometimes in February and once in a long time the season is so mild that Mrs. Rose's lights shine every night all winter long. And it is in the winter that the work is hardest.

At midnight the lamps in the big light at the top of the hill must be changed. If the weather is thick the keeper must be down at the lower tower at least once in three and three-quarter hours to wind the clock work that rings the fog bell every fifteen seconds. That means trips to and fro.

The Point in winter is swept with the cold winds which follow, unobstructed, the path of the river. The height of the upper tower exposes it to the full sweep of the gale. Then the walk down to the waterfront is icy and blocked with snow, and to descend is an unpleasant feat for a younger person in the dead of night; and is a deed almost heroic when accomplished by a woman whose years are almost 80.

And, on occasional winter nights, even more must be done. The winds carry sleet, and the heat within the lighthouses causes frost to form on the windows and dim the lights. On many such nights has Mrs. Rose gone out and braved the storm while she rubbed the glass with glycerine until the light shone clear again, and often, too, until her hands became numb with cold.

And even in such pleasant weather as May and June usually afford there is a lot of work to be done. The keeper of the lights can never sleep at night. She must be up to watch them constantly and prevent an accident extinguishing them; the big light must be changed at midnight as in winter, and the fog bell must be

MRS. NANCY ROSE, WHO HAS KEPT THE STONY POINT LIGHT-HOUSES FIFTY YEARS.

operated when necessary. The keeper must be up in case a fog should shut in, if for no other reason.

So much for the work at night. By day there are the lamps to be cleaned and filled, the wicks to be trimmed, and most of all the big chimney-like, refracting lenses, which give the light its brilliancy, must be polished until they shine with the blue and white prismatic sparkle of the cut glass on a dinner table.

No fault could be found—nor has any ever been found—with the condition in which Mrs. Rose keeps the Government's property. Inspectors come unheralded and unexpected, but they never find her unprepared, because she takes pride in her charge. The lights receive all the care a woman can give them, and, at such sort of work, a woman can do her duty much more efficiently than a man.

The brass legs and platform which hold the lamps in place shine as only constant care can make them. The metal floor in the tower is clean as can be.

There are books to be kept, too, making more daytime work. The Government is a hard task master and requires its lighthouse keepers to note weather conditions each day as well as to keep records of the time of lighting and extinguishing the lamps, to account for every ounce of supplies and numberless other little details.

One might be led to suppose, with all the duties that have been mentioned so far, that the work required of the woman who is the official keeper of Stony Point Light had been entirely summed up, but that is not the case.

The cottage which Mrs. Rose occupies is built on Government land and is owned by the United States. So when the inspectors come they peer, not only at the lighthouses, the lights, the fog bells, supplies and records, but also into the condition of the house itself. There must be neatness there, but that requirement in Mrs. Rose's case is the easiest of them all.

She is as good a housewife as she is a keeper and this was so apparent that, when the inspector last visited her he remarked, after seeing the lights:

"I'm obliged to go into your cellar, but I know there's no need of it. A glance at the way the light is kept shows that."

But the absence of complaints by inspectors is not the only proof that Mrs. Rose has done her work well. A record far better than that is the fact that, in the fifty years which the woman has spent at her post, there has been but a single wreck on the promontory which sticks out into the Hudson.

The one wreck happened in May, 1901, when the Central-Hudson Steamboat Company's Poughkeepsie ran her nose into the cliff-like face of the northern side of the point. It was not a very thick night, but the fog bell was sounding as usual, and the lights were as bright as ever they were. So how that wreck happened is a mystery.

And for all the work, the incessant cleaning and polishing and writing by day and the watching and sometimes painful exposure at night, Mrs. Rose receives $500 a year. Efforts to have her salary raised, made by friends who thought they had backing, have failed. Bills to give her a pension after her years of hard work have died in committee.

Mrs. Rose was asked, a day or two ago, if she could not tell some interesting experiences of her career.

"No," she answered. "There haven't been any. It's just uneventful work. I understand they have heard in the village that I'm going to quit and that a lot of people want my job. If they got it they'd find out how much work it requires; but they won't get it. I'm going to stay as long as I can."

FRANCE'S VINES NIPPED.

Ten Days of Frost May Have Half Ruined the Wine Industry This Year.

The heavy frosts that occurred in France between April 10 and 20 are likely to have a very serious effect upon the wine crop this year. The greatest damage was done in the southwest of France where the vine outranks in value all other agricultural products. It is estimated that one-half of the crop is destroyed.

When the frost came the buds were swollen and just ready to unfold. They were badly frost-bitten and a large part of them turned brown and dry. No news is yet at hand of the progress of budding since the frosts occurred.

A certain proportion of new buds certainly unfolded and if the weather conditions were excellent a great many of them have come out. In this case the damage of April may be largely repaired by favorable later conditions.

In 1874 and 1892, after severe frosts, the subsequent weather was so helpful that the partial failure of the crop was scarcely noticed in the world's markets. But exceptionally good weather is all that can now save the crop from great disaster this year.

A large reduction in the vintage of France for the present season would have practically no present effect upon the price of wines. The reason is that wine is not marketed or consumed as soon as it is made. Two years, and if the wine is of really good quality, three years must elapse before it comes on the market.

The failure of a single crop, therefore, does not produce immediate scarcity. There is now a two years' stock of French wines on hand; and if the ill fortune of this year's crop is partly repaired by good weather, and the crops of the next two years are excellent, it is likely that there will be no considerable rise in the price of wines when the smaller French crop of 1903 finally comes on the market.

French fruits, with the exception of pears, were also greatly damaged, entailing a loss which will be immediately felt throughout the Republic, as thousands of laborers employed in the preparation of prunes and other fruit crops for the markets will be thrown out of employment.

Cereals were also seriously injured; the hay crop will be short and, on the whole, the French farmers have had a very bad beginning for their year's industry.